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A
POETICAL EPISTLE
TO A
FALLING MINISTER;

ALSO
AN IMITATION
OF THE
TWELFTH ODE OF HORACE.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQUIRE.

Hunc tu Romane caveto

Hic niger est

L O N D O N :

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

E P I S T L E

TO A

FALLING MINISTER.

BLIND to an evil Boy's insidious wiles

Why still the Genes of the Queen or least —

While I wait in some humble inn, alone

Why hangs suspense on Virtue's coward soul —

While Tyranny prepares her jails and thongs

Why keeps the sword of Justice her own wrongs? —

O! I meanly founding on a Father's name

To Britain's highest seat a daring claim;

E P I S T L E

TO A

FALLING MINISTER. *Mr Pitt*

BLIND to an artful Boy's insidious wiles,
Why rests the Genius of the **QUEEN OF ISLES**? —
Whilst **LIBERTY** in irons sounds th' alarm,
Why hangs suspense on **VIRTUE**'s coward arm? —
Whilst **TYRANNY** prepares her jails and thongs,
Why sleeps the sword of **JUSTICE** o'er our wrongs? —
Oh! meanly founding on a Father's fame,
To Britain's highest seat a daring claim;

Lord Chatham

B

Oh!

Oh! if thy race one blush could ever boast,

And that lorn sign of Virtue be not lost;

Now on thy visage let the stranger burn,

And glow for deeds that bid an Empire mourn.

Drawn from a Garret by the ROYAL SIRE,

Warm'd like the viper by his friendly fire,

What hath thy gratitude *sublimely* done? —

Fix'd, like the snake, thy fang upon the *Son!*

Yes — thou most gen'rous Youth, thy hostile art

Hath lodg'd a pois'nous shaft in BRITAIN'S Heart!

Thy arm hath dragg'd the column to the ground,

The sacred wonder of the realms around!

To make snug, comfortable habitations

For thee and all thy pitiful relations.

Barbarian-like — how like those sons of spoil;

Whose impious hands on hallow'd structures toil —

Base throng, that through ~~Palace~~ Temple dig,

To form a lodging for themselves and pigs!

Oh! if Ambition prompts thy soaring soul

To live the theme of future times with **ROLLE** ;

Thrice happy Youth, like *his* shall shine thy name,

Who gave th' Ephesian wonder to the flame!

Sick at the name of **Rolle**, (to thee though dear)

The name abhorr'd by **HONOUR**'s shrinking ear,

I draw reluctant from thy venal throng,

And give it mention, though it blasts my song.

How cou'dst thou bid *that* **R-LL**E, despis'd by all,

On helpless beauty like a mastiff fall :

Then meanly to correct the brute pretend,

And claim the merit of the * **FAIR ONE**'s Friend?

* A most wanton and illiberal attack made by this man on Mrs. ~~Fisher~~ in the House of Commons, exceeds all precedent.

Art thou the YOUTH on whom the VIRTUES smile
 The boasted Saviour of our sinking Isle
 O'er such, OBLIVION, be thy wing display'd!
 Oh! waft them from the gibbet to thy shade!

Yet what expect from *thee*, whose icy breast,
 A stranger to their charm, the LOVES detest? —
Thee, o'er whose heart their fascinating pow'r
 Ne'er knew the triumph of one soft'ned hour?
 To give thy flinty soul the tender sigh,
 Vain is the radiance of the brightest eye!
 In vain for thee of beauty blooms the rose:
 In vain the swelling bosom spreads its snows —
 A *Joseph* thou, against the sex to strive —
 Dead to those charms that keep the world alive!

In vain thy malice pours its frothy tide —

In vain the virtues of thy PRINCE to hide —

Thou

Thou

Thou and thy Imps, to dim his rising ray,
 Urge clouds on clouds to thwart the golden day!
 Mad toil! — I see his Orb superior pass,
 That smiles triumphant on the fable mass.
 O ~~kill~~! a Sister Kingdom damns thy deeds, *Ireland*
 And pities hapless Britain as she bleeds.
 HIBERNIA scorns each meanly treach'rous art
 Hatch'd by the base rebell~~ion~~ of thy heart,
 That crawls an aspic bloated black with fate,
 To pour a dire contagion through the State.
 She, with an honest voice, her PRINCE approves,
 And nobly trusts the virtues that she loves;
 Detests a hangman's unremitting toil
 To break upon the wheel a happy Isle;
 Who yet to push the guilt and folly further,
 Suborns Addresses to applaud the murder!

Who but must laugh to see thy boasted friends,

On whose poor rotten trunks thy *all* depends!

D. Hawksbury See BUTE'S mean Parasite, thy spaniel, creep,

Whose Argus' eyes of avarice never sleep;

A close State leech, who, sticking to the nation,

As adders deaf to Honour's execration,

Sucks from its throat the blood by night, by day,

Nor till the State expires will drop away.

Thurston Yet see another FIEND, with scowling eye,

Who draws from NATURE's soul her deepest sigh;

As ham'd her hand should usher into light

What Fate should overwhelm with everlasting night!

Lost by his arts, behold the beauteous MAID *;

Whom INNOCENCE herself could ne'er upbraid,

* The melancholy circumstance alluded to here, the family of Dr. Lynch, of Canterbury, can best explain.

Sunk a pale victim to the gaping tomb;
 Whilst all but *be* with grief survey'd her doom,
 Whose heart disdain'd to feel—whose eye severe,
 Compassion never melted with a tear!
 A close state leech, who, sticking to the nation,
 Yet left in silence to himself alone,
 Aghast he heaves the conscience-wounded groan!
 At ev'ry found how horror heaves the sigh!
 How dangers thicken on his straining eye!
 He sees her *Phantom*, form'd by treach'rous Love,
 Droop in the grot, and pine amid the grove:
 He marks her mien of woe, her cheek so pale,
 And trembles at her shrieks that pierce the gale!
 At night's deep noon what fears his soul invade!
 How wild he starts amidst the specter'd shade!
 And dreading ev'ry hopeless hour the last,
 He hears the call of DEATH in ev'ry blast!

Such

Such are thy Colleagues *, O thou *patriot* Boy !

Whose heads and hearts thy virtues dare employ ;

Who, crouching at thy heels, like bloodhounds wait !

To fasten on the vitals of the State !

Such are the miscreants who would rule the realm !

Such the black pirates that would seize the helm !

Had not I known thee, ---, the Muse had sworn,

That, blest to see the State to atoms torn,

Hell with her host had drawn each damned plan,

And for the murder nurs'd thy dark Divan.

Speak — Hath thy heart with mad ambition fir'd,

Like CROMWELL's, hot for pow'r, to thrones aspir'd ?

* We must not forget, however, Messieurs their Graces of R. and G.^{Richmond}

Harry D., ^{what} *cum plurimis aliis*, though they have not the honour of being mentioned in our poetical calendar.

Then

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Then may that *young, old* trait'rous bosom feel
 The rapid vengeance of some virtuous steel;
 Or what, to bosoms not quite flint, is worse,
 May Heav'n with hoary age a Rebel curse —
 From sweet society behold him torn,
 Condemn'd, like CAIN, to walk the world forlorn.

Thus rous'd to anger for my Country's wrong,
 The Muse for vengeance panting pour'd her *song* —
 But, ah! in vain I wish'd the blessing mine,
 To plant a scorpion's sting in ev'ry line.

Now Prudence gently pull'd the Poet's ear,
 And thus the Daughter of the BLUE-EY'D MAID*,
 In Flatt'ry's soothing sounds, divinely said,

“ O PETER! eldest born of PHOEBUS, hear —

* Minerva.

D

“ Whose

" Whose verse could ravish Kings, relax the law —

" Of that gaunt, hungry savage christened Law —

" Indeed thou wantest worldly wisdom, PETER,

" To mix a little oft'ner with thy metre —

" Lo! if thine eye DAME FORTUNE's smile pursues,

" To oily adulation prompt the Muse.

" Give for the future all thy rhymes to praise;

" Strike to the glorious PITT thy founding lyre —

" Thy head may then be crown'd with WARTON's bays,

" And mutton twirl with spirit at the fire."

" PRUDENCE," quoth I, " indeed — indeed I can't —

" Don't ask me to turn rogue and sycophant!"

Now with a smile, first cousin to a grin,

DAME PRUDENCE answer'd, bridling up her chin —

" Sweet

" Sweet, harmless, pretty, conscientious Pigeon! " " While " "

" Ah! PETER, well I ween thou art not rich — " " Of that " "

" Know that thou'lt die like beggars in a ditch — " " Indeed " "

" Know, too, that Hunger is of no religion. " " To mix " "

" Sit down and make a Horace imitation, " " To only " "

" Like POPE, and let the stanza glow

" With praise of *Messieurs* PITT and Co., " " Give for the " "

" The present worthy Rulers of the Nation." " " Strike " "

With purs'd-up, puritanic mouth so prim, " " And Milton " "

Thus spoke DAME PRUDENCE to the BARD of Whim;

Who, with politeness seldom running o'er, " " PRUDENCE " "

For inspiration scratch'd his tuneful scone, " " Don't ask me " "

To please DAME ORACLE, for once —

A DAME, some say, he never saw before. " " Now with a " "

IMITATION OF HORACE,

(ODE XII. BOOK I.)

On Messieurs PITT and CO.

MUSE, having dropp'd Sir JOSEPH and the KING,

What sort of gentry shall we deign to sing?

What high and mighty name that all adore?

What ministerial wight that bribes each COW,

Wolf-like to howl for homage to KING PITT,

And set each smoky alehouse in a roar;

That sends to counties, borough-towns, his crimps,

Alias his vote-seducing pimps,

To bribe the mob with brandy, beer, and song,

To put their greasy fists to Court Addresses,

Full of professions kind, and sweet caresses,

And with a fiddle lead the logs along.

Shall

Shall DORNFORD, king of wine, and mum, and perry,
 Be crown'd with lyric bays, with Master MERRY;
 Two sages who, in diff'rent places born,
 CHICK LANE and BLACK-BOY ALLEY did adorn?

Or, Muse, suppose we sing KING PITT himself,
 The greatest man on earth — a cunning elf,

Who driveth, JEHU-like, the CHURCH and STATE:
 And, next to Royal PITT, we'll sing the DAME, *the Queen*
 Of open, gen'rous, charitable fame,

Lamenting sad a MONARCH's hapless fate;
 Who, though transfix'd by Sorrow's dart so cruel,
 So prudent, numbers each Bank note and jewel!

Nor shall we by old Bacchus WEYMOUTH pass,
 A jolly fellow o'er his glass —

Nor, SWELLENBERG, shalt thou a shrimp appear,
 Whose palate loves a dainty dish,
 Whose teeth in combat shine with flesh and fish,
 Whose Strelitz stomach holds a butt of beer;

Who

Who soon shalt keep a faleshop for good places,

For which so oft the people squabble,

From gaping Coblers to their gaping Graces,

And thus provide for great and little rabble.

I'll sing how calmly ^{and} C---N takes the bit,

And trots so mildly under MASTER PITT;

And ^{Thule} w, too, whom none but PITT could tame,

Who, blest with Master BILLY's finest saddle,

No longer makes our brains with neighing addle —

No longer now JOB's war horse snorting flame;

But that slow Brute whom few or none revere,

Fam'd for his fine base voice and length of ear;

Yet now so gentle, you may smooth his nose —

Poor CH^uCELLOR* will make no riot —

Calm in his stall his aged limbs repose,

And pleas'd he eats his oats and hay in quiet!

* The name of the horse.

This Pair, so tame, amid the courtier throng,
Shall drag their Master William's coach along;

And raise the wonder of the million
Just like two bull-dogs in a country town,
That gallop in their harness up and down,
With MONSIEUR MONKEY for postillion.

We'll sing the Brothers of our loving Queen,
Fine hungry, hearty youths as e'er were seen;
Who, if once try'd, would shine, I make no doubt —

And chiefly he who merits high rewards,
Who, wrigling to the Hanoverian guards,

Kept the poor PRINCE of BRUNSWICK out,
Although so brave a Prince, and spilt his blood
So freely for the King of England's* good.

* This is scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless true.—The Prince of Brunswick's Genius was forced to yield to the superior one of the Queen's Brother!

We'll

We'll sing, too, Master R^oLLE, who, fond of fame,
 High-daring, from the land of dumplings came,
 To bear the MINISTER — to be his afs —
 Like Conj'ror BALAAM's reas'ning brute,
 That carry'd BALAAM, BALAK to falute,
 And curse the Israelites, alas!

And lo! as did the Lord —
 Who op'd the mouth of BALAAM's beast;
 So hath our Lord, Squire PITT, upon my word,
 Op'd MASTER R-LLE's, to give the house a feast!

Yet, hang it! DEV'NSHIRE is by ARAM * beat —
 A circumstance that wrings the Poet's foul —
 For BALAAM's Jackafs made a speech quite neat,
 Which never yet was done by PITT's poor R----

* Balaam's Country Seat.

Or shall I sing old CORNWALL's death,

Or fierce Sir BULLFACE, who resign'd his breath

Norton Lord Grantley

With Brother CORNWALL in the self-same year —

A downright bear!

Who bade a MONARCH, like a boy at school,

Not spend his money like a f---?

We too might sing the King of Swine,

Sir JOSEPH! peerless in the fat'ning line.

Mawley

We too may BRUDENELL sing, who, some time since,

Admir'd and lov'd, ador'd and prais'd his PRINCE;

Follow'd him, spaniel like, about;

Swore himself black, poor fellow, in the face,

That he would ten times rather lose his place

Than leave him — Thus said he with phiz devout:

But when it came to pass His HIGHNESS try'd him,

This false APOSTLE, PETER like, deny'd him!

We'll sing LORD GALLOWAY, a man of note,

Who turn'd his Taylor, much enrag'd, away,

Because he stich'd a star upon his coat

So small, it scarcely threw a ray —

Whereas he wish'd a planet huge to flame,

To put the moon's full orb to shame —

He wanted one so large, with rays so thick,

As to eclipse the star of Sir JOHN DICK !

Sir JOHN, who got his star, so bright and stout,

For making super-excellent *four krout* *.

Or, Muse, suppose we sing the SPEAKER's wig,

In which, 'tis said, a world of wisdom lies ;

Which, to a headpiece scarcely worth a fig,

Importance gives, that greatly doth surprise,

* This honour of the star was really conferred on him by the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA for furnishing the Russian fleet, in the Mediterranean, with the above cabbage manufacture, to sharpen their courage for a massacre of the poor Turks.

When

When through the chaos of the house he bawls
 For ORDER that oft flies St. Stephen's walls;
 Driv'n by a host of scrapes, and hawks, and hums,
 And blowing noses, that distract her drums.

For, Muse, we can't well sing poor Grenville's head,
 Because it wanteth eyes — imperfect creature! —

Again — its lining hap'neth to be lead —

Such are the whimficalities of Nature:

And thus this speaking headpiece is, no doubt,

As dark *within* as *certés* 'tis *without*!

Yet was this Youth proclaim'd a pretty sprig,

A very promising, a thriving twig,

That by his parents dear was said would be,

In time, a very comely tree,

And what those parents dear would also suit,

Produce enormous quantities of fruit,

By

By God's good grace, and much good looking after —
 A thought that now convulseth us with laughter !

Suppose we chaunt old WILLIS and his whip, *or*

At which the human hide revolts ;
 Who bids, like grafshoppers, his pupils skip,
 And breaks mad gentlemen like colts ;
 Or trains them, like a pointer, to his hand —
 And such the mighty Conjuror's command,
 He, by the magic of sticks, ropes, and eyes,
 Commands wild Folly to be tame and wise.

Or grant we throw away a verse or two

Upon the BEDCHAMBER's most idle IMPS —
 Those Lords of gingerbread — a gaudy crew,
 Sticking together just like social shrimps ;
 Regardless who the State Coach drives,
 So *they* may lead good merry, lazy lives ;
 Pleas'd e'en from devils to receive their pay,
 So they, like moths, may flutter life away !

PITT shall the House of Commons rule,
 And *eke* of poor INCURABLES the school;
 And pour on such the vengeance of his spleen
 As meanly think of HASTINGS and the ^{Queen} ---- !
 On di'monds PITT and Co. shall largely feast,
 Knock down the Nabobs, and exhaust the East!

O LADY! whose great wisdom thinketh fit
 To spread thy petticoat o'er WILLIAM PITT!
 This WILLIAM PITT and Thou, without a joke,
 Will turn out most extraordinary folk!

PITT and the PETTICOAT shall rule together,
 Each with the other vastly taken;
 Make, when they chuse, or fair or filthy weather,
 And cut up kingdoms just like bacon!

THUS having finish'd, PRUDENCE, with a stare,

Exclaim'd, " Rank irony — thou wicked Poet." —

Quoth I, " My little Presbyterian Fair,

" I know it." —

" Ah!" quoth the Dame again, with lifted eyes,

" When will this stupid world be wise?"

" Ah! had the PRINCE his proper int'rest felt,

" And like BUCEPHALUS, the famous, knelt

" To take PITT ALEXANDER on his back,

" He might have ambled prettily along,

" And very rarely felt his Rider's thong —

" Just now and then a gentle smack,

" T' inform his Royal colt what Being rode him,

" And with such dignity bestrode him.

" Yes — had His HIGHNESS but vouchsaf'd to stoop,

" With *beav'n-born* PITT he might have eat his soup,

" Joy'd in the full possession of his wishes,

" And with his servant shar'd the loaves and fishes!"

ODE XII. Lib. I. Ad AUGUSTUM.

QUEM virum aut heroa lyra delatri

Tibia fumes celebrare, Clio?

Quem deum? cujus recinet jocosa

Nomen imago,

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,

Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo?

Unde vocalem temere insequuta

Orphea sylvæ,

Arte materna rapidos morantem

Fluminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,

Blandum & auritas fidibus canoris

Ducere quercus.

Quid

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis

Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,

Qui mare & terras, varisque mundum

Temperat horis

Et minax, quod se voluerit, ponto

Unda recumbit

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,

Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum:

Proximos illi tamen occupavit

Pallas honores.

Tarquinii fasces, dudum, ex Catonis

Nobile letum

Prælius audax neque te filebo

Liber, & sævis inimica virgo

Belluis: nec te metuende certa,

Phæbe, sagitta.

Gratus insigni referam Camenis

Fabricianus

Dicam & Alceiden; puerosque Ledæ,

Hunc equis, illum superare pugnæ

Nobilem: quorum simul alba nati

Stella refulsi,

Desluit

Cum late fundat

Defluit saxis agitatus humor :
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes :
Et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto
Unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem, an superbos
Tarquini fasces, dubito, an Catonis
Nobile letum.

Regulum, & Scauros, animæque magnæ
Prodigum Paulum, superante Pæno,
Gratus insigni referam Camœna,
Fabriciumque.

Hunc, & incomitis Curium capillis,
Utilem bello tulit, & Camillum
Sæva paupertas, & avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo

Fama Marcelli : micat inter omnes

Julium fidus, velut inter ignes

Lana minores.

Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,

Orte Saturno; tibi cura magni

Cæsaris fati data: tu secundo

Cæsare regnes.

Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes

Egerit iusto domitos triumpho,

Sive subiectos Orientis oris

Seras & Indos :

Te minor latum reget equus orbem :

Tu gravi carru quaties Olympum,

Tu parum castis inimica mittes

Fulmina lucis.

T H E E N D.